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CIA 04 Hunt, Howard
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That Fellow E. H. Hunt

Memiors of An
American Secret
Agent

Of all the odd characters and weirdos who pulate the scenario of the Watergate case — a script that could have been co-authored by Kafka and Mack Sennett — none quite matches E. Howard Hunt.

It used to be that every young American boy growing toward manhood aimed at becoming President of the United States. Hunt always wanted to be an American spy. He made the grade. By an unlikely coincidence he also helped a president destroy himself. President Nixon.

"This fellow Hunt . . . He knows too damned much," Nixon grumbled into one of his hidden Oval Room mikes at a point when the transcript indicates there were discussions within the hallowed office as to the best ways to clam up Hunt and others.

" . . . You open that scab, there's a hell of a lot of things, and we just feel it would be very detrimental to have this thing go any further," the president continued in the same transcript. More from the damning tapes:

"Let's suppose Hunt blows at some time," Mr. Ehrlichman told the president.

"Hunt has now made a direct threat against Ehrlichman," John Dean was quoted as telling Nixon. "As a result of this, this is his blackmail." He says, "I will bring John Ehrlichman down on his knees and put him in jail."

"What is the answer on this?" asked Nixon. "How (can) you keep it out, I don't know. You can't keep it out if Hunt talks."

From the Wall Street Journal:

"Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman aren't very interesting." "Nobody but Hunt is going to tell the truth."

Hunt, an incredibly prolific writer who keeps pounding it out through his recent years of court testimony, jailings and assorted tragedies, has promised to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in his newest book, "Under-Cover — Memoirs Of An American Secret Agent." (Berkley Putnam.) But certain wranglings in Judge John Sirica's court have caused observers to ask, along with Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Where is the . . . Truth we seek, but in our mind?"

The late Mrs. Dorothy Hunt was killed in a plane accident at Midway Airport, Chicago, at the height of the CREEP pay-offs to and pressures on "Plumbers" and bigger fry by the Nixon Administration. Foul play in that case was investigated, and may still be under inquiry. It was printed

that the \$10,000 Mrs. Hunt was carrying when she met death was in some way involved with silencing others in the case.

Not so, Hunt writes in what is believed to be his 54th book, most of them novels:

"Some days earlier (Dec. 1972) Dorothy had suggested to me that she fly to her cousins' home in suburban Chicago and deliver Christmas presents she had selected for them, their children and their daughters-in-law. While there, she said, she would like to leave \$10,000 in cash with Hal Carlstead for investment.

"For some time she and I had been discussing our financial future and had decided that we would invest a portion of our savings in a motel-management company formed by Carlstead . . . Granted the investment was relatively small, still, I had been jobless for six months, and my prospects for future employment were, to say the least, diminished. Perhaps the investment would enable me to work in some capacity at one of the Holiday Inns (where Carlstead had influence) after my trial.

"There had been no economy-class seats available, so while she was in the process of making the reservations, she turned to me and said, 'Could I travel first class, Papa, just this once?'

"Of course," I told her. "I don't know why you bothered to ask."

" . . . From day to day she had been typing the final manuscript of my novel 'The Berlin Ending.' As I drove her to the National Airport in Washington, she turned to the ending of the book. 'The way you have it,' she pointed out, 'The good guys win. But, Howard, you know it isn't always that way in real life. More often than not, the good guys lose — so why not end it that way?'

"That's the clinching argument," I told her as we drew up to the airport. "Shall I come in?"

"She shook her head. You don't need to. I'm early and there's some shopping I want to do for some of the grandchildren. I'll just wander around the shops until it's time to leave." (I later learned she purchased \$250,000 in flight insurance payable to me.)

"We kissed, and a skycap took her bags. Rewriting the novel at home, I heard our son David running down the stairs.

"Papa, Papa!" he called . . . "In the car radio coming home from school I heard that Mama's plane crashed and she's dead."